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S a m C o l l i n s
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**Title : Sam Collins songster : containing a collection of popular
Irish and other favourite sentimental songs.**

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Note : Cover title.

Note : Running title: A collection of favourite songs.

Note : Text also on p. [4] of cover.

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Collins, Sam.

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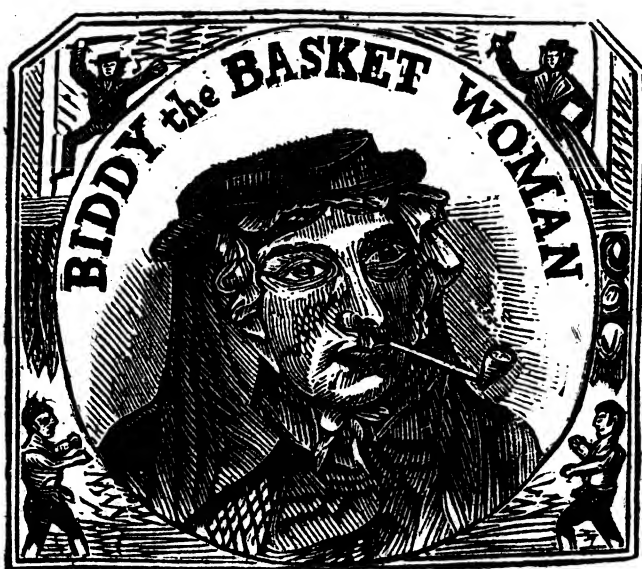
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SAM COLLINS

SONGSTER:

Containing a Collection of Popular Irish and other Favourite
Sentimental Songs.



Contents:

The Irish Jaunting Car
Billy O'Rourke
The Meeting of the Waters
Erin Mavourneen
The Fisherman's Daughter
'Twas Rank and Fame
The Queen of the Sea
Gentle Troubadour
My Erin O!
The Finnigins
The Minstrel Boy
The Irish Emigrant
Down among the Dead Men

The Sons of Fingal
My Old Friend John
The Village-born Beauty
The Sunny Hours of Childhood
Steer my Bark to Erin's Isle
The Exile of Erin
You would not leave your Norah?
Round the Corner waiting
Down where the Blue-bells grow
The Whistling Thief
There is a Flower that Bloometh
Nothing More
Toasts and Sentiments

London:

Printed and Published by W. S. FORTEY, 2 & 8 Monmouth
Court, Bloomsbury.

SAM COLLINS' SONGSTER.

London: Printed by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.



The Irish Jaunting Car.

My name is Larry Doolán, I'm a native of the soil.

If you want a day's diversion, I'll drive you out in style.

My car is painted red and green, and on the door a star,

And the pride of Dublin city — is my Irish jaunting car.

Chorus.

If you want to hire me, step into M'Marr,
He'll send for Larry Doolán, and his Irish jaunting car.

I have been hired by drunken men, by teetotallers, and my friends,
A carman has so much to do, that duty never ends!

From morn till night he has to drive both near and far,

At night he counts the 'bunce,' upon the Irish jaunting car.

Sometimes I read the newspapers, although I'm thought a fool,

And I hear the French and English — they have taken Sebastopol,

But if they come to Ireland, these jolly sons of Mara,

Shall have a day's diversion on the Irish jaunting car.

When the Queen she came to Ireland, her health to revive,

She asked the lord-lieutenant, would he take her out to drive?

She said unto his lordship before she trotted far,

How delightful was the jolting of an Irish jaunting car.

I hear they are in want of men, both English and French too.

It's all about the Italian war, they don't know what they'll do,

But if they only volunteer, they need not stop the war,

I'll drive them all to Italy in my Irish jaunting car.

They say the Austrian bear is tough, and I believe its true,

He pepper'd was at Magenta, and at Solferino too;

But if the Connaught Rangers had brought home the Russian Czar,

I'd have driven him to blazes in my Irish jaunting car.

And when the war is over, and I hope soon it will,

This stunning jaunting car of mine was never known to spill,

And then may every Briton here, never want whiskey in the jar,

To drink success to Lord Doolán and his Irish jaunting car.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Round the corner waiting.

Round the corner waiting, what will people say,
If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.
Village tongues are ever ready, with remark,
Eyes are at the easement if a dog doth bark!
Round the corner waiting what will people say,
If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.

When the church has bound us, that'd two hearts in one,
I shall care but little how their tongues rail on;
But until the bridal never let them find
Aught to cause me blushes, hurt my peace of mind!
Round the corner waiting, what will people say,
Manly hearts should ever take manly way.

Fifty things are stated, things you'd never suppose,
If but something secret in a neighbour shows;
Boldly take the pathway and their lips are stay'd,
All are quick to censure if you seem afraid.
Round the corner waiting, what will people say!
If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.



Down where the Blue-bells grow.

I know a spot which oft I dream'd
Of rural haunts most fair,
And I have thought that Heav'n's beam'd,
With brighter sunshine there;
It is a sweet sequester'd vale,
Where flushing brooklets flow,
And oft is heard the ring-dove's wail
Down where the blue-bells grow.

A lovely form in twilight's shade
Will to that spot repair,
Her strange accents by Heav'n made,
To have an angel there;
It was there I won my Alred, my love,
And all of joy I knew,
And oft in fancy still I rove,
Down where the blue-bells grow.



The Whistling Thief.

WHEN Pat came o'er thille his
Colin for to see,
His whistle low and shrill, the signal
Was to be, (shill whistle)
Oh Mary, the mother cried, some
One is whistling sure,
Oh, mother, it's only the wind that's
Whistling thro' the door.
(Whistle 'Garry Owen')

I've lived a long time Mary, in this
World my dear,
But a door to whistle like that I
Never yet did hear,
But mother you know the fiddle hangs
Close behind the shink,
And the wind upon the strings are
Playing that tune I think.
(Fig grants)

Score Mary I hear the pig uneasy in
His mind,
At mother you know they say that
Pigs can see the wind;
That's all very well in the day, but
I think you may remark,
That pigs no more than we can see
Anything in the dark.
(Dog barks)

The dog is barking now, and the fiddle
Can't play this tune,
But mother you know that dogs will
Bark when they see the moon;
Now how can he see the moon when
You know the dog is blind.
Blind dogs can't bark at the moon,
Nor fiddles be played by the wind.

Now I'm not such a fool as you think
I know very well it is Pat,
Shut your mouth you whistling thief,
And go along home out of that.
Now you be off to your bed, & don't
Play behind me your jeers,
For though I have lost my eyes, I've
Not yet lost my ears.

Now chaps when you go out, and
For your sweethearts wait,
Be sure you don't whistle too loud
Or else the old woman you'll wake;
In the days when they were young
Forget they never can,
They are sure to tell the difference
Between a fiddle, a dog, or a man.

There is a Flower that Bloometh.

There is a flower that bloometh,
When autumn leaves are shed,
With the silent moon it waspeth
The spring and summer fled;

The early frost of winter,
Scarcely one that hath overcast,
O pluck it ere it wither
'Tis the memory of the past.

It wafted perfume o'er us
Of deep thought and regret,
For the true friends gone before us
Whom none could ere forget,
Let no heart brave its power,
By guilty thoughts o'ercast
For their a poison flower,
Is the memory of the past.



Nothing More.

IN a valley fair I wandered o'er
Its meadow pathways green,
Where the tripping brook was flowing
Like the spirit of the scene,
I saw a lovely maiden with a basket
Brimming o'er—
With sweet buds, and so I asked her
For a flower, and nothing more.

I knelt on beside her, and I gaze'd
Her hair and eyes,
And like roses in her basket, on her
Cheeks saw blushes rise;
With timid looks down glancing, she
Said; will you pass before?
But, said I, now all I want, is just a
Smile, and nothing more!

So she shyly smiled upon me, and we
Still kept wandering on;
What with smiling, blushing, chat-
ting, soon a brief half hour was
Gone;
Then she told me I must leave her, for
She saw the cottage door;
Not I, until I'd rifled just a kiss,
And nothing more.

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd
Her, and the joys that then
Have birth,
Made an atmosphere of gladness
Seem enshrouding all the earth;
One bright morning at the altar, a
White bridal dress she wore,
Then my wife I proudly called, and
I ask for nothing more.

May the mysteries of war be
Banished from all enlightened na-
tions.

May the whole universe be incor-
porated into one city, and every
inhabitant be presented with his
freedom.

May the whole world become
more and more enlightened and
civilized.

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A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Steer my Bark to Erin's Isle

Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met;
Not one fair scene or kindly smile,
Can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I wish to roam.
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

In Erin's isle there's manly hearts,
And bosom's pure as snow,
In Erin's isle there's right good cheer,
And hearts that ever flow.
In Erin's isle I'd pass my time,
No more I wish to roam.
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

If England was my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonny Scotland was my home,
Her mountains I'd adore.
But pleasant days in both I've past
I'd dream of days to come;
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle
For Erin is my home.

The Exile of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin.
The dew on his robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight
repairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devo-
tion,

For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the flow of its youthful emo-
tion.

He sang the bold anthem of "Erin-go-
bragh."

O, sad is my fate, said the heart-broken
stranger,

The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine or danger,

A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah! never again, in the green shady bowers,

Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of "Erin-go-
bragh!"

Oh, Erin, my country: though sad and for-
saken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a foreign land I awaken,

And sigh for the friends that can meet me
no more.

And then, cruel Fate! wilt thou never re-
place me

In a mansion of peace where no perils can
chase me?

Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace
me!

They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin-door so fast to the
wild-wood?

Sisters and sire did weep for its fall.

Where is the mother that looked on my child-
hood?

And where is the bosom-friend dearer than
all?

Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain, may fall without mea-
sure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers. "Erin-go-bragh!"

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its mo-
tion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
And the harp-striking bard sings aloud with
devotion.

Erin, mayourneen, sweet "Erin-go-bragh!"

You would not leave your Norah!

"You would not leave your Norah?

To pine alone behind,
The wide, wide world before her,
And no one to be kind.

The times are hard and trying.

But, Dennis, perhaps, they'll mend,

You would not leave your Norah?

You yet may want a friend."

You would not, &c.

"Yes, Norah dear, I'm going,

And yet it breaks my heart,

To see your eyes are flowing

With tears because we part.

'Tis sad to leave old Erin,

A stranger's home to share,

But sadder still, I'm fearing,

With none to love me there."

You would not, &c.

"Then, Dennis, take me with you.

You know not half I do,

There's no one to forbid you,

I've saved a pound or two.

I'll soothe you in every sorrow.

If first the priest you'll tell."

"Yes, Norah dear, to-morrow,

Thou'rt Erin, fare thee well."

I could not, &c.

Toasts and Sentiments.

May our country be dear, but liberty
dearer

The man who feels for sorrow not his own.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Billy O'Rourke.

I greased my brogues and cut my stick,
In the latter end of May, sir,
And up to Dublin I did sail,
To walk upon the sea, sir,
To England I resolved to go,
To cut the hay and corn,
And among the cockney girls to dance,
From night until the morn.
With my killy ma-crue, no heart more true,
For Billy O'Rourke in the boughil.

I met a man in College-green,
And ax'd him the way to the Quay, sir,
He was seated on a big white horse,
And not one word would he say, sir,
Neither hat, nor spur, nor whip he'd got,
And both his stirrups he'd lost,
Says I, "my boy, if your horse does stir,
In the street you'll surely be toss'd,
With my killy ma-crue, &c.

I gave the captain six thirteens,
To carry me over to Fargate,
But ere we got one half the road,
It blew at the devil's own hard rate,
The big stick that grew out of the ship,
Sung out like any whistle,
And the sailors all, both great and small,
Swore we were going to the devil,
With my killy ma-crue, &c.

Now, some where on their bended knees,
The ladies were a fainting;
But I fell on my bread and cheese,
Determined to mind the main thing.
Says the captain, "Are you not afraid?"
Says I, "I don't care a farthing,
I've paid you to bring me to Fargate, you
know,
And faith you must stand to your bargain."
With my killy ma-crue, &c.

But soon the wind sung itself to sleep,
And we came to to the place of landing;
The gentlemen that were most afraid,
The ladies out were handing.
Says I, "my boys, I have no doubt,
But you have all got riches,
And though you have not got skirts to your
coats,
You've cloth enough in the plaits of your
breeches."

With my killy ma-crue, &c.

As I was going along the road,
I met a gentleman, sir;
"Good-morrow to you, sir," said I,
But he proved a mighty toad, sir;
For at the corner of a lane,
He pulled a pistol out, sir,
And clapp'd the muzzle, oh! what a shame!
Up to my very throat, sir.
With my killy ma-crue, &c.

"Your money, bad scan to your Irish eyes,"
"Be merciful," cried I, sir;
But he swore he'd blow out both my eyes,
"I'd either stir or cry, sir,

His pistol to my head did pop,
Two steps I did retire,
The pain it flashed, his head I smashed,
Och, shillelagh, you never missed fire!
With my killy ma-crue, &c.

The Meeting of the Waters.

There is not in this wide world a valley so
sweet,
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright wa-
ters meet:
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must
depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the
scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more, exquisite
still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature
improve.

When we see them reflected from looks that
we love,
Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I
love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace!

Erin Mavourneen.

When the pure sense of honour shall cease to
inspire thee,
And kind hospitality leaves thy gay shore;
When the nations that know thee no longer
admire thee,
Then, Erin Mavourneen, I'll love thee no
more.

When the trumpet of fame shall cease to
proclaim thee,
Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of yore,
When the muse, and the record of genius dis-
claim thee,
Then, Erin Mavourneen, I'll love thee no
more.

When thy brave sons no longer are generous
and witty,
And cease to be loved by the fair they
adore,
When thy daughter no longer are virtuous
and pretty,
Then, Erin Mavourneen, I'll love thee no
more.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

My Old Friend John.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young;
Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sung.
We climb'd the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright topp'd heather;
Methinks it seems but yesterday,
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, &c.
There's gladness in remembrance, John,
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal or woe of life,
No change that friendship knew,
We've miss'd some lov'd ones, one by one,
And turn'd our wreath of heather;
In fancy as we deck their tombs,
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, &c.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our pride is o'er;
The flower, the nest, the humming-bee,
For us will charm no more.
And our frail forms are falling fast,
We could not bound the heather,
As hand in hand, with glad some brows,
We did when boys together.
When we were boys, merry, merry, boys,
When we were boys together,
Through many sunny years, friend John,
May we yet live together.

The Village-born Beauty.

See the star-breasted villain to yonder cot bound,
Where the sweet honeysuckle entwines it around,
Yet sweeter, far sweeter than flower e'er seen,
Is the poor hedger's daughter, the pride of the green.
But more, never more, will she there please all eyes,
Her peace of mind withers, her happiness flies,
She pauses, sighs, trembles!—and yet dares to roam,
The village-born beauty is seduced from her home.
From a post-chaise and four, she's in London set down,
Where, robbed of her virtue, she's launched on the town,
Her carriage, her servants, her jewels, so gay.
Tell how she is kept, and o'er all bear the sway!
At the opera, the playhouse, the parks, and elsewhere,
Here beauty out-rivals each beauty that's there;
And while big with envy her downfall they tell,
The village-born beauty o'er all bears the bells.

But soon from indifference, caprice, or what not—
She's turned on the world, by her keeper forgot;
Yet fond to be flattered, and fettered in vice,
She's this man's, or that, as he comes to her price!
At length growing stale, all her finery sold,
In the bloom of her youth, through disease looking old;
Forsook by her lovers, and sought for no more,
The village-born beauty becomes a street

Up lanes and through alleys she now stalks her way,
Exposed to all weathers, by night, and by day;
Cold, houseless, and shiv'ring, and wet to the skin,
With glass after glass, drowns her sorrows with gin!

Distressed, sore and ragged, sad, friendless and poor,
She's borne to some garret, or workhouse obscure!
Breathes a prayer—hope to Heaven—a sinner to save,
When the village-born beauty is laid in the grave.

Then pity, ye fair ones, nor be too severe,
And give a frail sister the boon of a tear,
When prone to condemn them, reflect—think awhile—

That the heart often bleeds when the face wears a smile.
Think too, how thro' beauty, they oft owe their fall,
And what may, through vice, be the fate of you all;
And O, while sweet innocence bears a proud sway,
May hell seize the villain that smiles to betray.

Sunny Hours of Childhood.

The sunny hours of Childhood,
How soon they pass away;
Like flowers in the wild wood,
That once bloom'd fresh and gay,
But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart,
Live but a few brief hours,
And then for aye depart.

The friends we saw around us,
In boyhood's happy days,
The fairy links that bound us,
No feelings now displays.
For time hath chang'd for ever,
What youth cannot retain,
And we may know, oh! never,
Those sunny hours again.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Fisherman's Daughter.

Why art thou wandering alone on the shore?
The wind it blows cold and the white breakers
 roar,
Oh! I am wand'ring alone by the sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my father's returning to me:
For the gale it blows hard thro' the darkness
 of night,
And I'm watching here since the dawning of
 light,
Looking thro' tears o'er the dark rolling sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my father's returning to me.

Last night when my father put forth on the
 deep,
To our cottage returning I lay down to sleep
But while the sweet calm of sleep came to me
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea,
I thought in a dream 'twas my father that
 spoke.

But oh! to the voice of the tempest I woke;
And the father I dreamt of was far on the sea,
Ah! why in my dream call my father to me;
Ah! why in my dream call my father to me.

Vainly I looked thro' the fast driving gale,
Hopeless I see what hope fancies a sail,
But 'tis only the wing of sea-gull flits by,
And my heart it beats low at the bird's wail-
 ing cry,
And my heart it beats low at the bird's wail-
 ing cry;
For the storm must blow hard when the gale
comes on shore;
Oh! that the fisherman's gift was no more,
Than the gift of the wild bird to soar o'er the
 sea,
Good angels thy wings bear my father to me,
Good angels thy wings bear my father to me.

'Twas Rank and Fame that Tempted Thee.

'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,
'Twas empire charm'd thy heart,
But love was wealth—the world to me,
Then, false one, let us part.
The prize I fondly deem'd my own,
Another's now may be.
For ah! with love, life's gladness flows,
Leaves grief to wed with me;
Leaves grief alone to me;
With love life's gladness flows,
Leaves grief alone to me.

Though lowly bred and humbly born,
No loftier heart than mine;
Unlov'd by thee, my pride would scorn,
To share the crown that's thine,
I sought no empire save the heart,
Which mine can never be.

Then, false one, we had better part,
Since love lives not—Ere not in thee.
Since love lives not in thee;—
Yes! false one, better part,
Since love lives not in thee.

The Queen of the Sea.

Away on the sea, away on the sea,
With the wild waves dashing around,
To a life that ever is merry and free,
Where true hearts are sure to be found.
And now, when the call of his country rings,
The bold British sailor will be,
As true to the last, as his guiding star,
To Britannia the Queen of the Sea.

But victory won, he thinks of his home,
And lov'd ones that absence endears,
Fond faces, sweet smiles, seem to hover
 around,
And eyes shining brightly, brightly through
 tears.
Such men are the boast and the pride of our
 land,
The noble, the hearty, the free,
And true to the last as needle to pole,
To Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.

Long may our sailors brave,
England's proud freedom save,
Over the boundless wave,
For England's Queen.

Gentle Troubadour.

Troubadour enchanting,
When the dew is falling,
Twilight sunbeams slanting,
O'er the western tower,
'Neath the shady linden tree,
At the moonlight hour,
Come and sing love's song to me,
Gentle Troubadour!

Troubadour enchanting,
When love's bird is calling,
Balm the zephyrs scenting,
From each fragrant flower,
'Neath my rose-hung lattice be,
At the silent hour,
Bring thy lute and sing to me,
Gentle Troubadour!

Toasts and Sentiments.

May our private actions bear public in-
 spection.
May the tongue speak the sentiments of the
 heart.
May worth never be crushed, nor baseness
 dignified.
May Britons never suffer invasion, nor in-
 vade the rights of others.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Irish Emigrant.

I'm sitting on a stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little church stands there,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
The grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With the baby next your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
The poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far,
The few our Father sends;
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride,
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
The sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

Down among the Dead Men.

Here's a health to the Queen and a lasting
peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increased!
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-baiting crew.
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

In making Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a jovial fellow.

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May Love and Wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasures crown the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

The Sons of Fingal.

Oh Erin my country, although thy harp
slumbers,
And lies in oblivion near Tara's old hall;
With scarce one kind hand to enliven its
numbers,
Or strike a rude dirge to the sons of Fingal.

Thy trophies of warfare they still hang ne-
glected;
Cold as the warriors, to whom they were
known;
But the harp of old Erin shall still be re-
spected,
While there lives but one hard to enliven
its tone.

Oh Erin, my country, I love thy green bowers
No music to me like thy murmuring rills
The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And what is more dear than thy daisy-clad
hills.

The caves often used by warriors and sages,
Are still sacred held in an Irishman's heart
And the ivy-clad turrets the pride of past ages
Tho' mould'ring in ruins, still grandeur
impart.

Britannia may boast of her lion and armour.
As she in glory her old wooden walls view;
Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and clay-
more,
And pride in her philbegg, kilts, and her
hose.

But where is the nation can rival old Erin,
Or tell me country such heroes can boast!
In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion,
And swift as the eagle that flies round our
roost.

The breeze often shakes both the rose and
the thistle,
Whilst Erin's green shamrock lies hush'd
in the vale;
Securely it stands while the stormy winds
whistle,
And lies undisturbed in the moss of the
vale.

Then hail, fairest island of Neptune's old
ocean,
The land of St. Patrick, my parents' agra
Cold, cold, must the heart be, and void of
emotion,
That loves not the name of Erin.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

My Erin, O!

The sultry climes of foreign shores,
 May bid fair Lusanna's flowers to blow;
 But there is one in Erin's isle,
 That I love far beyond them O.
 It leaves unfolded the patriot's heart;
 In honours court, steering O,
 Its still the same mind, and cold,
 'Tis the shamrock of Erin, O.

The rose may bloom, its crimson hue;
 And every son of Albion charm;
 The thistle, Caledonia's pride,
 May twine around each bosom warm;
 But hail to thee, thou plant so dear,
 In my lov'd land appearing O!
 'Tis still the same, amidst the heat and cold,
 'Tis the shamrock of my Erin O.

A plant thou art, so true and dear,
 Ever blooming fresh and fair;
 No matter what it does appear,
 None can outshine the shamrock O.
 The flowers in spring may bloom, 'tis true,
 But after all, they fade you know;
 Then here's to the sweet shamrock green,
 Thou art an emblem of my Erin O.

O were I now in Erin's isle,
 No sadness would be all me O;
 The time so sweet it would beguile,
 'Midst scenes of joy and pleasure, O.
 But alas! I'm on a foreign land,
 With nought but wildness round me, O,
 Exiled from my native land,
 But still thou art my Erin, O.

The Finnigins.

I'm a gay labouring youth,
 I was reared in the town of Drumshank-
 ling;
 I'm a widower now in my youth—
 Since I buried one Molly Moglockling.
 I never was married but once in my life,
 I'll never commit such a sin again;
 I discovered when she was my wife,
 She was fond of one Barney M'Finnigin.

Her father kept cabins of mud,
 Which I used to go out to admire, sure;
 They were built in the time of the flood,
 To keep the ancestors dry, sure;
 When he found I had Molly bespoken,
 He first got quite fat, then looked thin
 again—
 In the struggle his gizzard he broke,
 From a stretch of Barney M'Finnigin.

The corpse for convenience was put,
 In a friend's, that lived in a barn sure—
 Some came walking on foot,
 And others some mounted on cam, sure.

My wife sighed and sobbed for the loss,
 I put her twice out, she got in again;
 I gave her a south-westerling clout,
 And I was attacked by the Finnigins.

The corpse was upset in the bed,
 Fighting commenced in a minute, sure,
 Devil a stick could we get,
 Till we tore off the legs of the furniture.
 In showers the blood flew about,
 I was knocked out but soon got knocked
 in again,
 I got a south-westerling clout,
 Which laid me as flat as M'Finnigin.

How long I'd been dead, the Lord knows,
 I couldn't believe I was living, sure,
 I woke with the cramp in my toes,
 And found they were bound with a ribbon,
 sure.
 I opened my mouth for to spake,
 But the sheet was shoved up to my chin
 again,
 Says I—Molly I'm awake—says she hold
 your tongue,
 You're going to be buried with M'Finnigin.

My wife she came home from the spree,
 Full of whiskey from the burying, sure,
 She showed as much mercy to me,
 As a hungry man would a herring, sure.
 Until one pelt I gave her,
 Which made her to cry and to grin again,
 And in three months I opened the grave,
 And threw her on the bones of old Finn-
 gin.

The Minstrel Boy.

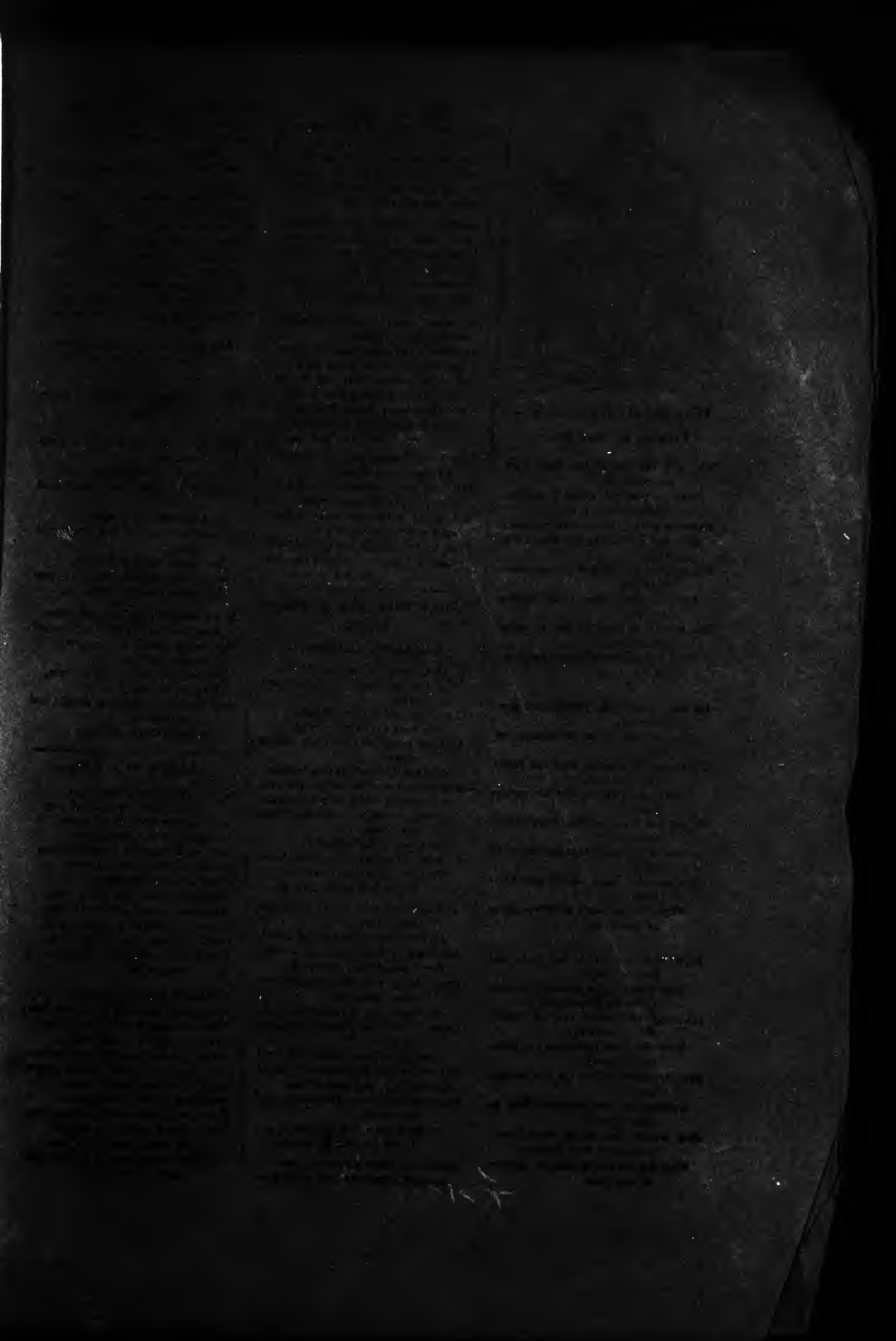
The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him,
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he lov'd he spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder,
 And said "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery."

Toasts and Sentiments.

Truth for England, and justice for Ireland,
 May the dispensers of justice ever be im-
 partial.

May Victory spin the robe of glory for the
 brave, and Fame enrol his deeds.
 May we always have a willing hand and a
 strong arm for our country's cause.





*Why did she leave Him—
because he was poor.*

Why did she leave him, they grew
up together,
Near to the old church on the
bright village green,
Never to part in fair or foul weather
Ellen and Edward in childhood was
seen;
She had not wealth, but beauty com-
manded
Suits, alas! who could riches
secure,
But when her hand as his bride he
demanded,
Why did she leave him?—because
he was poor.

He was once mild, young, and gay
hearted,
First in the frolic at market or
fair,
There are the cheeks where the smile
has departed,
Others may revel, but he cannot
share.
Bright are the eyes that around him
beaming,
Cold is the heart that strives to ad-
here,
Save when at night on the past he is
thinking,
Why did she leave him?—because
he was poor.

Now she rides by in her pride and
her carriage,
But where is the bloom that once
shone on her cheek?
Haughty and proud are the friends
of her marriage,
Now she must feel what she dares
not to speak:
She perchance smiles for her earliest
hours,
Grieves for the sorrows that he
must endure,
And would give up the world for a
wreath of wild flowers,
Why did she leave him?—because
he was poor.

Kiss me quick.

THE other night as I was spaking
sweet Tarlina Spray,
The more we whispered our love
talking, the more we had to say.
The old folks and the little ones
were fast asleep in bed,

I heard a footstep on the stairs,
now, what do you think she said
Oh, kiss me quick, and go, my honey
Kiss me quick and go,
To cheat surprise, and prying eyes,
Why, kiss me quick, and go.

The other night I took Tarlina a
moonlight promenade,
And soon we brought up to the door
step where the old folks stay'd,
The clock struck one, our hearts
two, when, peeping over head,
I saw a nightingale the blind, now,
what do you think she said?
Oh, kiss me, &c.

Last Sunday night we sat together,
sighing side by side,
Just like two winter leaves of cab-
bage, in the sunshine fried.
My heart with love was nigh to
split to ask her for to wed,
Said I, "shall I go for the priest."
—now what do you think she said
Oh, kiss me, &c.

*Come into the garden,
Maud.*

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

COME into the garden Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has
flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,

And the musk of the rose is blown
For the breeze of the morning moves
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that
she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky.
To faint in the light of a sun she loves
To faint in his light and die.
Come into the garden, &c.

And the soul of the rose went into
my blood

As the music clashed in the hall,
And long by the garden gate I stood
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and
on to the wood,

Our wood that is dearer than all.
Queen Rose of the rose-bud, garden
of girls,

Come hither, the dances are done
In gloss of satin & glimmer of pearls
Queen Lily, and rose in one.
Shine out little head, swimming over
with curls,

To the flowers and to their sun.
Come into the garden, &c.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate

She is coming my dove, my dear,
She is coming my life, my fate,
The red rose cries, she is near, she
is near,

And the white rose weeps, she is
late!

The larkspur listens, I hear, I hear,
And the lily whispers, I wait.
She is coming my love, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed.
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead,
'Twould start and tremble under her
feet,

And blossom in purple and red
Come into the garden, &c.

*Tho' Fortune darkly o'er
me frowns.*

THOUGH fortune darkly o'er me
frowns,
And each day brings its care,
Ambition's dream bright hope still
crowns,
And bids me not despair.

Though morning's bloom be passed
away,
Its beauty spent and gone,
Though foes assail and friends betray
My heart shall still hope on.

More dangers may my path beset,
New storms my life's sky o'ercast
My daring I shall ne'er regret,
But dare on to the last.
The fleeting prize if held in view,
May yet be nobly won,
And though life's dream should not
prove true,
My heart shall still hope.

Happy as a King.

SEE you happy, rosy boy,
Full of life, and full of joy,
Smiling now with mirth elate,
Swinging on the rustic gate.
Care with him was never known,
Joyful hours are all his own.
Chief in every rural play,
Laughing mates his voice obey.
Woodland scenes are his delight,
There he rules in sylvan might,
Leading merry games with glee,
Happy as a king is he, happy as a
king is he.

Monarchs of another sphere,
Have their hours of hope and fear,
Troubles come to mar their reign,
Bringing sorrow in their train.
Stately pomp disturbs their ease—
Tho' they strive they fail to please,
Such is not our hero's fate,
Swinging on the rustic gate—
Form and pride with him unknown,
Never cloud his sylvan throne,
Thus the world may truly see,
Happier than a king is he, happier
than a king is he.